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No. XVIII.

FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.

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HAMLET.

A Tragedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

THE STAGE EDITION.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

<i>Claudius King of Denmark</i>	<i>Drury Lane, 1823.</i>	<i>Park, 1845.</i>
<i>Hamlet</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Fleming.
<i>Polonius</i>	" Macready.	" Charles Keam
<i>Laertes</i>	" Terry.	" Bass.
<i>Horatio</i>	" Mercer.	" Bland.
<i>Rosencrantz</i>	" Archer.	" Barry.
<i>Guildestern</i>	" Webster.	" S. Pearson
<i>Osrick</i>	" Coveney.	" Crocker.
<i>Marc'us</i>	" Penley.	" De Walden.
<i>Bernardo</i>	" King.	" M ^r Douall
<i>Francisco</i>	" Howell.	" Gallat.
<i>First Actor</i>	" Turnour.	" King.
<i>First Grave-Digger</i>	" Dowten.	" Anderson.
<i>Second Grave-Digger</i>	" Hughes.	" Fisher.
<i>Ghost of Hamlet's Father</i>	" Wallack.	" Heath.
<i>Queen</i>	Mrs. Glover.	" Dyott.
<i>Ophelia</i>	Miss Povey.	Mrs. Abbott.
<i>Actress</i>		" Charles Keam
		Miss F. Gordon

Priest, Sailors, Ladies, &c.

COSTUMES.

- KING.**—Brown velvet doublet and trunks, richly embroidered, crimson velvet robe trimmed with gold; white silk stockings, white shoes.
- HAMLET.**—Black doublet, trunks, and cloak, trimmed with bugles and black satin, black hose, round black hat, and black plumes. In the grave-yard scene he wears a dark green cloak, trimmed with scarlet.
- HORATIO.**—Crimson doublet and trunks, richly embroidered, white pantaloons, russet boots, gauntlets, round black hat, with gold band and white plumes.
- LAERTES.**—Green vest, mantle, and trunks, embroidered with gold, white silk pantaloons and shoes, gauntlets, round black hat, white plumes, and sword.—Second dress—Black.
- POLONIUS.**—Crimson doublet, mantle, and trunks, richly embroidered; white silk stockings, white shoes with pink roses.
- ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.**—Crimson vest, mantle and trunks, embroidered, white stockings and shoes.
- OSRICK.**—White vest, white breeches, black silk mantle with rich gold spanglers, white silk stockings, white shoes, round black hat with white plumes.
- GHOST.**—Steel armour and helmet.
- GRAVE DIGGERS.**—Coarse drab-coloured dresses, with belts and buckles.
- QUEEN.**—White satin dress, trimmed with silver, purple velvet robe.
- OPHELIA.**—Plain white muslin.
- VIRGINS.**—Plain white muslin.
- ACTRESS.**—Plain gray calico, trimmed with satin.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*
L. C., *Left of Centre*

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas. are usually omitted in the representation.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THE biographer of John Philip Kemble relates, that on an occasion of the question being agitated, whether Othello or Macbeth were Shakspeare's greatest production, John Philip remarked: "The critics may decide that point for themselves; but, as for the people, take up any Shakspeare you will, from the first volume of his works to the last, which has been read, and see which play bears the most obvious signs of perusal. My life for it, they will be found in the volume which contains the play of Hamlet."

Every reader's experience will confirm this test. No merely literary production in the language has been so much read and studied, or has been made the subject of so much comment and criticism. The present acting edition is that prepared by Kemble. It differs from the original play simply in its abridgment; few liberties having been taken with the language, except where they were essential to its appropriate condensation. Garrick produced an altered version at Drury Lane in 1771, in which he left out Osrick and the Grave-Diggers, and introduced some absurd changes in the last scene. He seems to have been so much ashamed, however, of his attempt, that he never published it.

As commentators upon "Hamlet" are sufficiently abundant, we think we cannot render a better service to those by whom the present edition will be principally sought, than by giving some account of the peculiarities of the most eminent *Hamlets*, who have been memorable in the annals of the Stage.

The following is Colley Cibber's account of *Betterton's* appearance in this part:—

"You may have seen a Hamlet perhaps, who on the first appearance of his father's spirit has thrown himself into all the straining vociferation requisite to express rage and fury; and the house has thundered with applause, though the misguided actor was all the while tearing a passion into rags. I am the more bold to offer you this instance, because the late Mr. Addison, while I sat by him to see this scene acted, made the same observation, asking me with some surprise if I thought Hamlet should be in so violent a passion with the ghost, which, though

it might have astonished, had not provoked him? *Betterton* opened this scene with a pause of mute amazement; then rising slowly to a solemn trembling voice, *he made the ghost equally terrible to the spectator as to himself*: and in the descriptive part of the natural emotions which the ghastly vision gave him, the boldness of his expostulation was still governed by decency, manly, but not braving, his voice never rising into that seeming outrage or wild defiance of what he naturally revered. But alas! to preserve this medium between mouthing and meaning too little, to keep the attention more pleasingly awake by a tempered spirit than by mere vehemence of voice, is of all the master-strokes of an actor the most difficult to reach. In this none have yet equalled *Betterton*."

"I have been told," says another writer, "by a gentleman who has frequently seen *Betterton* perform *Hamlet*, that he observed his countenance, which was naturally ruddy and sanguine, in the scene of the third act where his father's ghost appears, through the violent and sudden emotion of amazement and horror, turn, instantly on the sight of his father's spirit, as pale as his neckcloth; when his whole body seemed to be affected with a tremor inexpressible; so that, had his father's ghost actually risen before him, he could not have been seized with more real agonies. And this was felt so strongly by the audience, that the blood seemed to shudder in their veins likewise; and they, in some measure, partook of the astonishment and horror, with which they saw this excellent actor affected."

"Of this same *Betterton*, the good and great *Addison* remarks:—'Such an actor as Mr. *Betterton* ought to be recorded with the same respect as *Roscus* among the *Romans*.' And he adds in vindication of the stage: 'there is no human invention so aptly calculated for the forming a free-born people as that of a theatre.'"

Murphy speaks thus of *Garrick's* demeanor in the same part

"When *Garrick* entered the scene, the character he assumed was legible in his countenance. By the force of deep meditation he transformed himself into the very man. He remained fixed in a pensive attitude, and the sentiments that possessed his mind could be discovered by the attentive spectator. When he spoke, the tone of his voice was in unison with the workings of his mind, and as soon as he said—

"But I have that within, which passeth show,"

his every feature proved and confirmed the truth. The soliloquy beginning,

"O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,"

brings to light, as if by accident, the character of *Hamlet*. His grief, his anxiety, and irresolute temper, are strongly marked. He does not as yet know that his father was poisoned, but his mother's marriage excites resentment and abhorrence. He begins, but stops for want of words. Reflections crowd upon him and he runs off in commendation of his deceased father. His thoughts soon turn again to his mother. In an instant he flies off again, and continues in a strain of sudden transitions, taking no less than eighteen lines to tell us, that in less than two months his mother married his father's brother. In all these shiftings of the passions, *Garrick's* voice and attitude changed with wonderful celerity, and, at every pause, his face was an index to his mind

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

“On the first appearance of the ghost, such a figure of consternation was never seen. He stood fixed in mute astonishment, and the audience saw him growing paler and paler. After an interval of suspense, he spoke in a low, trembling accent, and uttered his questions with the greatest difficulty. His directions to the players were given *con amore*. The closet-scene with his mother was highly interesting, warm and pathetic. He spoke daggers to her, till her conscience turned her eyes inward on her own guilt. In the various soliloquies, Garrick proved himself the proper organ of Shakspeare’s genius.”

It was on the 30th of September, 1783, that *John Philip Kemble* made his first appearance at Drury Lane in the character of Hamlet. His biographer, Boaden, says of his performance :

“To his general conception of the character I remember but one objection—that the deportment was too scrupulously graceful. There were points in the dialogue in almost every scene, which called upon the critic, where the young actor indulged his own sense of the meaning; and these were to be referred to the text or context of Shakspeare, and also to the previous manner of Garrick’s delivery, or the existing one of Henderson’s. For instance, Kemble said :

‘And for my soul, what CAN it do to *that*,
Being a thing immortal as itself!’

Garrick here, with great quickness, said: ‘What can it do to *that*?’ There is more impressiveness in Kemble’s manner of putting it. Having drawn his sword to menace the friends, who would prevent him following the Ghost, every Hamlet before Mr. Kemble presented the point to the phantom as he followed him to the removed ground. Kemble, having drawn it on his friends, retained it in his right hand, but turned his left towards the Ghost, and drooped the weapon after him—a change both tasteful and judicious. As a defence against such a being, a sword was ridiculous. The kneeling at the descent of the Ghost was censured as a trick. Henderson saw it, and adopted it immediately. These two great actors agreed in the seeming intention of particular disclosure to Horatio. ‘Yes, but there *is*, Horatio—and much offence too’—and they turned off upon the pressing forward of Marcellus to partake the communication. Kemble only, however, prepared the way for this by the marked address to Horatio, “Did you not speak to it?”

“In the scene with Polonius, where Hamlet is asked what is the matter that he reads, and he answers, ‘Slanders, sir,’ Kemble, to give the stronger impression of his wildness, tore the leaf out of the book.

The *mobled* queen.’

“Garrick repeated this after the player, as in doubt;* Kemble, as in sympathy. And accordingly Polonius echoes his approbation, and says the expression is good. Henderson and Kemble concurred in saying to Horatio :

“Ay, in my heart of heart, as I do thee !”

* We think that here Garrick was unquestionably right. The remark of Polonius would be more appropriate in the case of Hamlet’s appearing puzzled by the term “mobled”. —ED

Garrick gave it differently; heart of *heart*. The emphasis should be on the first word heart, according to our judgment. In the mock play before the king, Garrick threw out as an unmeaning rant, addressed to Lucianus, the line,

“The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.”

But Kemble and Henderson made it a reflection of Hamlet applicable to his own case.* In the adjuration to the Queen, ‘Mother, for love of grace,’ &c., Kemble knelt. His exclamation on hearing that the dead body was Ophelia’s had not the pathos of Henderson’s, who seemed here struck to the very soul. ‘What! the fair Ophelia!’ Henderson’s mode of uttering this was so inimitably fine, that his tones lingered like some exquisite strain of music in the memory.

“Kemble played this part in a modern court dress of rich black velvet, with a star on his breast, the garter and pendant ribbon of an order, mourning sword and buckles, with deep ruffles; the hair in powder, which, in the scene of feigned distraction, flowed dishevelled in front and over his shoulders.”

Of the comparative styles of Edmund Kean and Charles Kemble in this character, Hazlitt, one of the best theatrical critics of his day, remarks as follows:

“Mr. Kemble unavoidably fails in this character for want of ease and variety. The character of Hamlet is made up of undulating lines. It has the yielding flexibility of a ‘wave o’th’ sea.’ Mr. Kemble plays it like a man in armor, with a determined inveteracy of purpose, in one undeviating straight line, which is as remote from the natural grace and refined susceptibility of the character, as the sharp angles and abrupt starts which Mr. Kean introduces into the part. Mr. Kean is as much too spleetic and rash as Mr. Kemble is too deliberate and formal. His manner is too strong and pointed. He throws a severity approaching to virulence into the common observations and answers.—There is nothing of this in Hamlet. He is, as it were, wrapped up in his own reflections, and only *thinks aloud*. There should therefore be no attempt to impress what he says upon others by a studied exaggeration of emphasis or manner; no *talking at* his hearers. There should be as much of the gentleman and scholar as possible, infused into the part, and as little of the actor.”

The following remarks by Davies have reference to a point in the received mode of enacting Hamlet, which we think might well be reformed. Retszch, the celebrated German artist, who has so exquisitely illustrated this play, appears to have seen the absurdity of the miniatures, and represents Hamlet in the scene

* We think that here too Garrick’s construction was the most judicious. Hamlet was quizzing the actor, as, where he asks if this “was a prologue or the posy of a ring” Shakspeare would hardly have made a raven *bellow*, except by way of ridiculing the unmeaning bombast of some of the dramatists of his day.—*Ed. Standard Drama.*

referred to, as regarding the likenesses of his father and uncle hung upon the wall :—

“ ‘Look here upon this picture, and on this.’

“ It has been the constant practice of the stage, ever since the Restoration, for Hamlet, in this scene, to produce from his pocket two pictures in little, of his father and uncle, not much bigger than two large coins or medallions. How the graceful attitude of a man could be given in miniature, I cannot conceive. In the infancy of the stage, we know that our theatres had no moving scenes, nor were they acquainted with them till Betterton brought some from Paris, 1662. In our author's time they made use of tapestry; and the figures in tapestry might be of service to the action of the player in the scene between Hamlet and the Queen. But, if the scantiness of decorations compelled the old actors to have recourse to miniature pictures, why should the play-house continue the practice when it is no longer necessary—when the scene might be shown to more advantage by two portraits, at length, in different panels of the Queen's closet? Dr. Armstrong long ago pointed out the supposed absurdity of these hand-pictures. The other mode of large portraits would add to the graceful action of the player, in pointing at the figures in the wainscot. He might resume the chair immediately after he had done with the subject, and go on with the expostulation.”

From the first representation of Hamlet to the present day, it is calculated that no dramatic production whatever has been so frequently acted both in the theatres of Great Britain and the United States. It is generally the first play thumbed by stage-struck aspirants; and yet there is no character in which it is so difficult to satisfy an intelligent audience. The reason is, that almost every one has his own *beau ideal* of Hamlet, and it is difficult for any actor to come up to that standard of the imagination. Mr. Macready, Mr. Forrest, the elder Vandenhoff, and Charles Kean, have all gained some celebrity in this part; but we must confess we would rather see them in any other one of their favorite characters. There are fine points, undoubtedly, in the performances of all; but we have invariably risen from the representation with a sense of dissatisfaction—a feeling that it was not our old acquaintance, the melancholy prince, whom we had been seeing. From descriptions that have come down to us of Betterton's acting in this character, we should infer that he was by far the greatest and truest Hamlet that the stage has yet known



H A M L E T .

— — — A C T I .

SCENE I.—*Elstnore.—A Platform near the Palace.—Night.*
FRANCISCO at his Post, R.

Enter BERNARDO, L.

Ber. (L.) Who's there ?

Fran. Nay, answer me :—stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king !

Fran. Bernardo ?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. (L. c.) 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed,
Francisco.

Fran. (R. c.) For this relief, much thanks :—'tis bitter
cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard ?

Fran. (L. c.) Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. (R.) Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho ! (L.) Who is
there ?

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS, L.

Hor. (L.) Friends to this ground.

Mar. (R.) And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. Oh, farewell, honest soldier !
Who hath relieved you ?

Fran. Bernardo hath my place.

Give you good night.

[*Exit, L*

Mar. Holloa ! Bernardo !

Ber. Say,

What, is Horatio there ?

Hor. A piece of him. [*Giving his hand*

Ber. Welcome, Horatio ; welcome, good Marcellus.

Hor. What, has this thing appeared again to-night ?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. (L. c.) Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy :

And will not let belief take hold of him,

Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us ;

Therefore I have entreated him along

With us to watch the minutes of this night ;

That, if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. (R. c.) Tush ! tush ! 'twill not appear

Ber. Come, let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we two nights have seen.

Hor. (c.) Well, let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,

When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,

Had made his course to illume that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,

The bell then beating one,—

Mar. (c.) Peace, break thee off ; look, where it comes
again !

Enter GHOST, L.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Hor. (R. c.) Most like :—it harrows me with fear and
wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march ? By heaven, I charge thee, speak.

[*Ghost crosses to R*

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak; speak, I charge thee, speak!
[*Exit Ghost, R.*

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How row, Horatio? you tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you of it?

Hor. (R.) I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. (c.) Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk he hath gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Re-enter GHOST, L.

But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me. [*Ghost crosses to R.*] Stay
illusion!

If thou hast any sound or use of voice,
Speak to me: [*Ghost stops at R.*
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me. (L. c.)

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, fore-knowing may avoid—
Oh, speak!
Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of the earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it.—[*Exit Ghost, L.*]—stay, and speak.

Mar. 'Tis gone!
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. (R.) And then it started like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,
Doth, with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat,
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:
Break we our watch up; [*Crosses, L.*] and, by my advice
Let (*L. c.*) us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*The Palace.—Flourish of Trumpets.*

Enter POLONIUS, *the* KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, *Ladies and*
Attendants, L., LAERTES, R., and stand thus:

R. LAERTES. POLON. KING. QUEEN. HAMLET. L.

King. (c.) Though yet of Hamlet, our dear brother's
death,

The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;

Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we, with wisest sorrow, think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.

Therefore, our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,

Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,
Taken to wife; nor have we herein barred
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along: for all, our thanks.—

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit.—What is't, Laertes?

Laer. My dread Lord,

Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence, though willingly, I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation;

Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my Lord;

I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces; spend it at thy will.

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son—

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.

[*Aside.*

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my Lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not, forever, with thy veiled lids,

Seek for thy noble father in the dust:

Thou know'st 'tis common; all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,

That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,

For they are actions that a man might play;

But I have that within, which passeth show;

These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,

Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:

But, you must know, your father lost a father;

That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound

In filial obligation for some term,

To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere

In obstinate condolment, is a course

Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven.

We pray you, throw to earth

This unprevailing woe, and think of us

As of a father; for let the world take note,

You are the most immediate to our throne,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet,
I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall, in all my best, obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply ;
Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come ;
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart : in grace whereof,
No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. [*Flourish of Trumpets.*

[*Exeunt in the following order, viz. 1st, Polonious, with
a White Rod, formally leading the way; 2d, the
King and Queen; 3d, Laertes; 4th, male and fe-
male Attendants.*

Ham. [*Standing alone, L.*] Oh, that this too, too solid
flesh would melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! God ! O God !
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world !
Fie on't ! O fie ! (c.) 'Tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed ; things rank and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to this !
But two months dead !—nay, not so much, not two—
So excellent a king ; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr ; so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !
Must I remember ? Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on—and yet, within a month—
Let me not think on't ;—Frailty, thy name is woman !—
A little month ; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears ;—
She married with my uncle,
My father's brother ; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules.

It is not, nor it cannot come to, good ;—

But break, my heart : (L.) for I must hold my tongue !

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO, R.

Hor. (R.) Hail to your Lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:

Horatio—or I do forget myself?

Hor. The same, my Lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. (R.) Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—

Marcellus?

Mar. (R.) My good Lord—

Ham. (C.) I am very glad to see you—Good even, sir—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. (L. C.) A truant disposition, good my lord.

[*Marcellus and Bernardo stand, R.*

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;

Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,

To make it truster of your own report

Against yourself: I know you are no truant.

But, what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven.

Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!

My father—methinks, I see my father.

Hor. Where,

My lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio!

Hor. I saw him once: he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again. (L. C.)

Hor. (R. C.) My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. (L.) Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king, your father.

Ham. The king, my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for awhile
With an attent ear; till I may deliver,

Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. (c.) For heaven's love, let me hear.

Hor. (c.) Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered;—a figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walked,
By their oppressed and fear surpriséd eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distilled
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them, the third night, kept the watch:
Where, as they had delivered, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes.

Ham. [*To Bernardo and Marcellus, r.*] But where was
this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watched.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. (l.) My lord, I did;

But answer made it none; yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;—
And, at the sound, it shrunk in haste away,
And vanished from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honoured lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Ham. (r. c.) Indeed, indeed, sirs: but this troubles
me.—

Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar. We do, my lord.

Ham. Armed, say you?

Mar. Armed, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Mar. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face !

Hor. Oh, yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, looked he frowningly ?

Hor. A countenance more

In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red ?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fixed his eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like,

Very like :—stayed it long ?

Hor. While one, with moderate haste,

Might tell a hundred.

Mar. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzled ?—no ?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silvered.

Ham. I will watch to-night ;

Perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant 'twill.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,

And bid me hold my peace. [*Crosses, L.*] I pray you all,

[*Returns to R*

If you have hitherto concealed this sight,

Let it be tenable in your silence still ;

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,

Give it an understanding, but no tongue.

I will requite your loves : so, fare you well :

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,

I'll visit you.

Hor. (R.) Our duty to your honour.

Ham. (R.) Your loves, as mine to you :

[*Excunt all but Hamlet, R.*

My father's spirit! (c.)—in arms!—all is not well ;

I doubt some foul play : 'would the night were come !

Till then, sit still, my soul : (L.) foul deeds will rise,

Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in Polonius's House.**Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA, R.*

Laer. (R.) My necessaries are embarked: farewell!
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
Pray, let me hear from you.

Oph. (R.) Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire;
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

Oph. (R. c.) I shall the effect of this good lesson keep
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven:
Whilst, like a reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.

Laer. (c.) Oh, fear me not!
I stay too long;—But here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS, L.

Pol. (L. c.) Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for
shame;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for.

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory locked,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

[*Exit, L.*]

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

Pol. (c.) Marry, well bethought ;
'Tis told to me, he hath very oft of late,
Given private time to you ; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you ? give me up the truth.

Oph. (c.) He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection ! puh ! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them ?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you : think yourself a baby ;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly ;
Or you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importuned me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it ; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my
lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Leads the tongue vows.

This is for all,—

I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.

Look to't, I charge you ; [*Crosses, R.*] come your ways.

Oph. (r.) I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt, R*

SCENE IV.—*The Platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS, R. U. E.

Ham. (r.) The air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold. (c.)

Hor. (r.) It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now ?

Hor. (c.) I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. (R. c.) No, it is struck.

Hor. I heard it not; it then draws near the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums, and Ordnance shot off, within.*

What does this mean, my lord ?

Ham. (l.) The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse ;

And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom ?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't ;

But to my mind—though I am native here,
And to the manner born—it is a custom
More honoured in the breach, than the observance.

Enter GHOST, L.

Hor. (R.) Look, my lord, it comes !

Ham. (R. c.) [*Horatio stands about two yards from the back of Hamlet; Marcellus about the same distance from Hamlet, up the Stage.*] Angels and ministers of grace defend us !
[*Ghost stops L. C*

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee : I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father !—Royal Dane : Oh, answer me !
Let me not burst in ignorance ! but tell,
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements ! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urned,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again ! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous ; and we fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ?

Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[*Ghost beckons*

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removéd ground;
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. [*Taking Hamlet's arm.*] Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?—
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord!
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
And there assume some other horrible form,
And draw you into madness?

Ham. (c.) It waves me still;
Go on, I'll follow thee. [*Breaks away, and crosses, L. C.*

Mar. You shall not go, my lord. [*Both hold him again.*

Ham. (c.) Hold off your hands.

Hor. (c.) Be ruled, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. [*Ghost beckons*
Still am I called—unhand me, gentlemen;—
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.

[*Breaks away from them*

I say away:—Go on—I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet, L.—Horatio and Marcellus slowly follow.*

SCENE V.—*A remote part of the Platform.*

Re-enter GHOST and HAMLET, from L. V. E. to L. C.

Ham. (c.) Whither wilt thou lead me? speak
I'll go no further.

Ghost. (L. C.) Mark me.

Ham. (R. C.) I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come
When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit ;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night ;
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy young blood ;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres ;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine :
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood :—List, list, Oh, list !—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

Ham. Oh, heaven !

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder

Ham. Murder !

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it, that I with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt.—

Now, Hamlet, hear :

'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me ; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused : but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. Oh, my prophetic soul ! my uncle ?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
 Won to his shameful lust
 The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen :
 Oh, Hamlet, what a falling off was there !
 From me, whose love was of that dignity,
 That it went hand in hand, even with the vow
 I made to her in marriage ; and to decline
 Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
 To those of mine !—

But, soft, methinks I scent the morning air—
 Brief let me be :—sleeping within mine orchard
 My custom always of the afternoon,
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
 With juice of curséd hebenon in a phial,
 And in the porches of mine ears did pour
 The leperous distilment : whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
 That swift as quicksilver it courses through
 The natural gates and alleys of the body ;
 So it did mine.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatched !
 Cut off, even in the blossoms of my sin,
 No reck'ning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head.

Ham. Oh, horrible ! Oh, horrible ! most horrible !

Ghost. If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not ;
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and damnéd incest
 But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught ; leave her to Heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To goad and sting her. Fare thee well at once !
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.—
 Adieu, adieu, adieu ! remember me. [*Vanishes, L. 6*

Ham. (R.) Hold, hold, my heart ;
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up ;—(C.)—Remember thee ?
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee ?

Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all forms, all pressures past,
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter; yes, by heaven,
 I have sworn it.

Hor. [*Within, L.*] My lord, my lord.—

Mar. [*Within.*] Lord Hamlet,—

Hor. [*Within.*] Heaven secure him!

Ham. So be it!

Hor. [*Within.*] Hillo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come!

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS, L.U.E.

Mar. (R. C.) How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. (L. C.) What news, my lord?

Ham. (C.) Oh, wonderful!

Hor. Good, my lord, tell it?

Ham. No; you will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man once
 think it?—

But you'll be secret?

Hor. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,
 But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the
 grave,
 To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are in the right;
 And so, without more circumstance at all,
 I hold it fit, that we shake hands and part;
 You, as your business and desire shall point you;—
 For every man hath business and desire,
 Such as it is—and, for my own poor part,
 I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
 And much offence, too. [*Takes his hand.*] Touching this
 vision here—

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you :
 For your desire to know what is between us,
 O'er-master it as you may. [*Part.*] And now, good friends,
 [*Crosses, L.*]

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
 Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord ?

We will.

Ham. (c.) Never make known what you have seen to
 night.

Hor. & Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear it.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen ; (r.)
 Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear !

Hor. Oh, day and night, but this is wond'rous strange !

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heav'n and earth, Horatio,
 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come :—

Here, [*All three stand, r.*] as before, never, so help you
 mercy !

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself—

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumbered thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, " Well, well, we know :"—or, " We could, an if we
 would :"—or, " If we list to speak ;" or, " There be, an if
 they might ;"

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me :—this do ye swear,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you !

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear !

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit ! [*All at c.*]—So, gen-
 tlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you :

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is,

[*Takes a hand of each.*]

May do to express his love and friending to you,

Heaven willing shall not lack. Let us go in together ;
 [Crosses, L.
 And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
 The time is out of joint ;—Oh, curséd spite !
 That ever I was born to set it right ! [Exeunt, L.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Polonius's House.*

Enter POLONIUS, L., and OPHELIA, R.

Pol. (L.) How now, Ophelia ? what's the matter ?

Oph. (R.) Oh, my lord, my lord, I have been so ~~af~~
 frightened !

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven ?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
 Lord Hamlet—with his doublet all unbraced,
 No hat upon his head,
 Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
 He comes before me.

Pol. (c.) Mad for thy love ?

Oph. (c.) My lord, I do not know ;
 But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he ?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard ;
 Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
 And with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
 He falls to such perusal of my face,
 As he would draw it. Long stayed he so ;
 At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
 And thrice his head thus waving up and down—
 He raised a sigh so piteous and profound,
 As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
 And end his being : that done, he lets me go ;
 And, with his head over his shoulder turned,
 He seemed to find his way without his eyes ;
 For out o' doors he went without their helps,
 And, to the last, bended their light on me

Pol. Come, go with me ; I will go seek the king
This is the very ecstasy of love.

What, have you given him any hard words of late ?

Oph. No, my good lord ; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
Come, go we to the king :
This must be known ; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*The Palace.*

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, L,
FRANCISCO and BERNARDO, R.*

King. (c.) Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guilden-
stern !
Moreover that we did much long to see you,
The need we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation :
What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of ; I entreat you both,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time ; so by your companies,
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, opened, lies within our remedy.

Queen. (c.) Good gentlemen, he hath much talked of
you ;
And, sure I am, two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
So to expend your time with us a while,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. (L.) Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. (L.) But we both obey ;

And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern

Queen. I do beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changéd son. Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

[*Exeunt all but King and Queen, R.*

Enter POLONIUS, L.

Pol. (L. c.) I now do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do), that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. (c.) Oh, speak of that; that do I long to hear

Pol. My liege and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore—since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes—
I will be brief: your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. (R. c.) More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true; a foolish figure;
But farewell it; for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend—

I have a daughter: have, while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: [*Shews a paper.*] now gather, and
surmise.

[*Reads.*]—"To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the
most beautified Ophelia,"—That's an ill phrase, a vile
phrase; beautified is a vile phrase. but you shall hear:—

[*Reads.*]—"In her excellent white bosom, these," &c

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful:--

[*Reads.*]—"Doubt thou, the stars are fire;

Doubt, that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt, I love.

"Oh, dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have no art to reckon my groans; but, that I love thee best, oh, most best, believe it! Adieu.

"Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst
this machine is to him, HAMLET."

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me;

And more above, hath his solicitings,

As they fell out by time, by means, and place,

All given to mine ear.

King. How hath she

Received his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honorable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing

(As I perceived it, I must tell you that,

Before my daughter told me), what might you

Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think,

If I had played the desk or table-book;

Or looked upon this love with idle sight;

What might you think? No, I went round to ~~work~~,

And my young mistress thus did I bespeak:

Lord Hamlet is a prince; out of thy sphere;

This must not be: and then I precepts gave ~~her~~

That she should lock herself from his resort,

Admit no messengers, receive no tokens;

Which done, she took the fruits of my advice:

And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make),

Fell into a sadness;

Thence into a weakness;

Thence to a lightness; and by this declension,

Into the madness wherein now he raves,

And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know that),
That I have positively said, 'Tis so,
When it proved otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise.

[*Pointing to his head and shoulders.*

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks for hours together
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time, I'll loose my daughter to him:
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.

[*Crosses, L.*

King. (r.) We will try it.

Queen. (r.) But, look, where sadly the poor wretch
comes reading!

Pol. Away, I do beseech you; both away!
I'll board him presently. [*Exeunt King and Queen, R. S. E.*

Enter HAMLET, M. D., reading.

(r. c.) How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. (l. c.) Excellent well.

Pol. (c.) Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. (r. c.) Excellent well: you are a fishmonger

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir! to be honest as this world goes, is to be
one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For, if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, be-
ing a god, kissing carrion—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blas-
pheming; but as your daughter may conceive—friend, look
to t.

[*Turns to the R. and reads.*

Pol. (c.) Still harping on my daughter!—yet he knew

me not at first ; he said, I was a fishmonger : I'll speak to him again.—[*Aside.*]—What do you read, my lord ?

Ham. (r.) Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord ?

Ham. Between who ?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord ?

Ham. (c.) Slanders, sir ; for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards : that their faces are wrinkled ; their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum ; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams : all of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down ; for yourself, sir, shall be old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in't. [*Aside.*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord ?

Ham. (r.) Into my grave !

Pol. Indeed, that is out o'the air. How pregnant sometimes his replies are ! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter. (c.) [*Aside.*]—My honourable lord, (r. c.) I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal ; except my life, except my life, except my life.

[*Crosses, R.*

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools !

[*Aside.*

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, L.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet ? there he is.

Ros. (L.) Heaven save you, sir ! [*Exit Polonius, L.*

Guil. (L.) My honoured lord !

Ham. My excellent good friends ! How dost thou, Guildenstern ? [*Crosses, c.*] Ah, Rosencrantz ? Good lads, how do ye both ? What news ?

Ros. (L. c.) None, my lord ; but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near : but your news is not true. In the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore ?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks! but I thank you. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me; come; nay, speak.

Guil. (R. C.) What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Anything—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preservèd love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you? [Aside to Guildenstern.

Ham. Nay, then, I have an eye of you. [Aside.] If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. I have of late, (but wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours.—What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me—nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. (R.) My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. (L.) Why did you laugh then, when I said, "Man delights not me"?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you; we met them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome; (c.) his Majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis: the humorous man shall end his part in peace; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. (r.) How chances it they travel? Their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. It is not very strange: for my uncle is king of Denmark; and those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of Trumpets, L.*

Guil. (l.) There are the players.

Ham. (c.) Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore: your hands; you are welcome:—but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hernshaw. [*Crosses, R.*

Pal. [*Within, L.*] Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. (r.) Hark you, Guildenstern and Rosencrantz—that great baby you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. (r.) Happily, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. (c.) I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. You say right, sir; o' Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed—

Enter POLONIUS, L.

Pal. (c.) My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you.
When Roscius was an actor in Rome—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour—

Ham. “Then came each actor on his ass”—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited; Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. “For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. “Oh, Jephthah, Judge of Israel”—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—“One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he lovéd passing well.”

Pol. (c.) Still on my daughter. [Aside.

Ham. Am I not i’ the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. (R. c.) If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord!

Ham. Why, “As by lot, God wot”—and then, you know, “It came to pass, as most like it was”—The first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, my abridgment comes.

[*Goes to the Actors, L.—Polonius, Guildenstern, and Rosencrantz stand, R.*

Enter two ACTORS and an ACTRESS, L.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. Oh, old friend! Why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee last: Com’st thou to beard me in Denmark? What, my young lady and mistress! By-’r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. You are all welcome. We’ll e’en to’t like French falconers, fly at anything we see: we’ll have a speech straight—Come, give us a taste of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

[*The 2d Actor and Actress retire up the stage, near L. U. E.*

1 Act. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once—but it was

never acted. Or, if it was not above once: for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line:

"The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast"—

'Tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

"The rugged Pyrrhus—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
Old grandsire Priam seeks."

Pol. (c.) 'Fore heaven, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

Ham. (L. c.) So;—proceed you.

1 Act. "Anon he finds him

Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command. Unequal matched,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide,
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls.

But as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death: anon, the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Aroused vengeance sets him new awork,
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forged for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune!"

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Say on: come to Hecuba.

1 Act. "But who, ah, woe! had seen the mobled queen"—

Ham. The mobled queen!

Pol. That's good; the mobled queen is good.

1 Act. "Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames;

A clout upon that head,
 Where late the diadem stood ; and, for a robe,
 A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up :
 Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steeped,
 'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounced ?"

Pol. [*Pointing to Hamlet.*] Look, whether he has not
 turned his colour, and has tears in's eyes. Pr'ythee, no
 more.

Ham. 'Tis well ; I'll have thee speak out the rest of
 this soon. Good my lord, will you see the players well
 bestowed ? Do you hear, let them be well used ; for they
 are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time ; after
 your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their
 ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Much better. Use every man after his desert,
 and who shall 'scape whipping ? Use them after your
 own honour and dignity ; the less they deserve, the more
 merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. (L.) Come, sirs. [*To Actors.*]

Ham. Follow him, friends ; we'll hear a play to-mor-
 row. Old friend.— [*To 1st Actor.*]

My good friends, [*To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*] I'll
 leave you 'till night : you are welcome to Elsinore.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, R.*]

Can you play the murder of Gonzago ?

1 Act. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for
 a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines,
 which I would set down, and insert in't ? could you not ?

1 Act. Ay, my lord

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord : and look you
 mock him not. [*Exeunt Polonius and Actors, L.*]

Now I am alone. (c.)

Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I !

Is it not monstrous, that this player here,

But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,

Could force his soul so to his own conceit,

That, from her working, all his visage wann'd :

Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,

A broken voice, and his whole function suiting

With forms to his conceit ? And all for nothing !

For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damned defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!

Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murdered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing like a very drab,
A scullion!

Fie upon't! foh! About, my brains! Humph! I have
heard,

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;

I'll tent him to the quick ; if he do blench,
 I know my course. The spirit that I have seen,
 May be a devil : and the devil hath power
 To assume a pleasing shape : yea, and, perhaps,
 Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
 (As he is very potent with such spirits,)
 Abuses me to damn me : I'll have grounds
 More relative than this : The play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [Exit, R.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Palace. Theatre in back Ground.*

Enter POLONIUS, KING, QUEEN *and* OPHELIA, L., ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN, R.

King. (B.) And can you, by no drift of conference,
 Get from him, why he puts on this confusion ?

Ros. (R. C.) He does confess he feels himself distracted ;
 But from what cause, he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded ;
 But with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
 When we would bring him on to some confession
 Of his true state.

Queen. (C.) Did you assay him
 To any pastime ?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
 We o'er-raught on the way : of these we told him ;
 And there did seem in him a kind of joy
 To hear of it : they are about the court ;
 And, as I think, they have already order
 This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true ;
 And he beseeched me to entreat your majesties,
 To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart ; and it doth much content me
 To hear him so inclined.
**Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
 And drive his purpose on to these delights.**

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, R.*

King. Sweet Gertrude, leaves u, too.
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia:
Her father and myself (lawful espials,
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. (R.) I shall obey you:—
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. (L.) Madam, I wish it may. [Exit Queen, R.

Pol. (L. c.) Ophelia, walk you here:
Read on this book;
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.

[*Ophelia goes up the stage, and retires at R. U. E.*
I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.

[*Exeunt, R. S. E.*

Enter HAMLET, L.

Ham. (L.) To be, or not to be, that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? (c.)—to die?—to sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die:—to sleep:—
To sleep!—perchance, to dream—Ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life;
 But that the dread of something after death—
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?

[*Ophelia re-enters at R. U. E*

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.—Soft you now!

[*Seeing Ophelia, who advances, R*

The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins remembered!

Oph. (R.) Good my lord,

How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,

That I have longéd long to re-deliver.

I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;

I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honoured lord, you know right well, you did;

And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed

As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,

Take these again; for to the noble mind,

Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind

There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord!

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, you should admit your honesty to no discourse with your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness; this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me: for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery. Why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest: but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my back, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: what should such fellows as I do, crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all: believe none of us; go thy ways to a nunnery.—Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

[*Runs off, R.*]

Oph. (R.) Oh, help him, you sweet Heavens!

Ham. [*Runs back to her.*] If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go. [*Hastens off, L.*]

Oph. (R.) Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. [*Returns.*] I have heard of your paintings, too, well enough, Heaven hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another; you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname heaven's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to; I'll no more of't; it hath made me mad. [*Crosses, L.*] I say, we will have no more

marriages · those that are married already, all but one, shall live ; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. | *Exit, R.*

Oph. (c.) Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down !
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.
Oh, woe is me !
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see ! [*Exit, R.*

Re-enter KING and POLONIUS, R. S. E.

King. (r.) Love ! his affections do not that way tend
Nor what he spake, though it lacked form a little,
Was not like madness. (c.) There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood.
He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute ;
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart ;
Whereon his brain's still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself :— What think you on't ?

Pol. (c.) It shall do well : but yet I do believe,
The origin and commencement of his grief,
Sprung from neglected love.

My lord, do as you please ;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief : let her be round with him ;
And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference : if she find him not,
To England send him ; or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. (l.) It shall be so :
Madness in great ones must not unwatched go. [*Exeunt, L.*

Enter the FIRST ACTOR and HAMLET, R

Ham. (r.) Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounce

ed it to you, trippingly on the tongue ; but, if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus ; but use all gently : for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings ; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise : I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant ; it out-herods Herod : pray you, avoid it.

1st Act. (R.) I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame, neither ; but let your own discretion be your tutor : suit the action to the word, and the word to the action ; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature : for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature ; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve ; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh, there be players that I have seen play—and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, or man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1st Act. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. (c.) Oh, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them : for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too ; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered ; that's villainous ; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go,

make you ready.—
Horatio!

[Exit 1st Actor, L.]

Enter HORATIO, R.

Hor. (R.) Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Hor. Oh, my dear lord!—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter :
For what advancement may I hope from thee.
That no revèue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flat-
tered?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath sealed thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing :
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blessed are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please; give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king ;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou see'st that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle; if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damnéd ghost that we have seen ;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy; give him heedful note :
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face ;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord.

[Exit, R. U. R.]

Ham. They are coming to the play ; I must be idle.
Get you a place. [*Goes and stands, R.—Music.*]

Enter POLONIUS, KING, QUEEN, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ,
GUILDENSTERN, OSRICK, MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, FRAN-
CISCO, *Lords and Ladies*, L. S. E.

King. [*Seated.*] How fares our cousin Hamlet ?

Ham. (R. c.) Excellent, i'faith ; of the camelion's dish :
I eat the air, promise-crammed ; you cannot feed capons
27.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet ; these
words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. My lord, you played once
in the university, you say ? [*To Polonius.*]

Pol. (c.) That did I, my lord ; and was accounted a
good actor.

Ham. (c.) And what did you enact ?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar : I was killed i'the capi-
tol ; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf
there. Be the players ready ?

Ros. Ay, my lord ; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me."

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. Oh, ho ! do you mark that ? [*Aside to the King.*]

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap ?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*]

Oph. [*Seated, R.*] You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Oh ! your only jig-maker. What should a man
do, but be merry ? for, look you, how cheerfully my mo-
ther looks, and my father died within these two hours.

[*Polonius goes and stands at the back of the State
Chairs, L. ; Horatio stands R.*]

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long ? Nay, then, let the devil wear black,
for I'll have a suit of sables. Die two months ago, and
not forgotten yet ? Then there's hope a great man's me-
mory may outlive his life half a year : but, by'r-lady, he
must build churches, then.

Oph. What means the play, my lord ?

Ham. Miching mallecho ; it means mischief.

Oph. But what is the argument of the play ?

Enter SECOND ACTOR as the Prologue, on a raised Stage, L.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow.

[*Lies at the feet of Ophelia, and amuses himself with her fan.*]

2d Act. "For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently." [Exit, R.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter FIRST ACTOR and the ACTRESS, L., as a Duke and Duchess; on the raised stage.

1st Act. "Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round,

Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands."

Actress. "So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!

But, woe is me! you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,

That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;

For women fear too much, even as they love.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;

And as my love is fixed, my fear is so.

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear,

Where little fears grow great, great love grows there "

1st Act. "Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;

My operant powers their functions leave to do:

And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,

Honoured, beloved,—and, haply, one as kind

For husband shalt thou"—

Actress. "Oh, confound the rest!

Such love must needs be treason in my breast:

In second husband let me be accurst!

None wed the second, but who killed the first."

Ham. That's wormwood

[*Aside.*]

1st Act. "I do believe, you think what now you speak:
But what we do determine, oft we break.

So think thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead."

Actress. "Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light,
Sport and repose lock from me, day and night,
Both here, and hence, pursue me, lasting strife,
If once a widow, ever I be wife!" [*Embraces him*]

1st Act. "'Tis deeply sworn."

Ham. If she should break it now—

1st Act. "Sweet, leave me here awhile;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep." [*Crosses to the seat—sleeps.*]

Actress. "Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain." [*Exit, L.*]

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. Oh, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i'the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically.
This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista. You shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not; let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter THIRD ACTOR as LUCIANUS, L.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the duke.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying. Begin, murderer—leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come:—

..... The croaking raven

Doth bellow for revenge.

3d Act. "Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and times agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic, and dire property,

On wholesome life usurp immediately."

[Pours the poison into the sleeper's ear, and exit, L.]

Ham. He poisons him i'the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago; the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian; you shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

King. [Jumping up.] Give me some light:—away!

Pol. Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio, severally]

Ham. (c.) "Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play:

For some must watch, while some must sleep;

Thus runs the world away."—

Oh, good Horatio, I'll take the Ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. (L. c.) Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music; come, the recorders.
[Exit Horatio, R.]

Enter GUILDENSTERN *and* ROSENCRANTZ, L.

Guil. (L.) Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement, marvellous distempred.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir: pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, has sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer I will do your mother's commandment; if

not, your pardon, and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. (l. c.) What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command: or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore, no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say—

Ros. (L.) Then, thus she says: your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. Oh, wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you, in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir; but, *while the grass grows*—The proverb is something musty. [Crosses, R.]

Enter HORATIO and two Musicians, R., with Recorders.

Ham. Oh! the recorders, let me see one. [Takes one.]—To withdraw with you:—[*Guildenstern crosses behind to R.*]
[*Exeunt Horatio and Musicians, R.*]

Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. Oh! my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. (L.) My lord, I cannot.

Ham. (L.) I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Ros. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying : govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony ; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me ! You would play upon me ; you would seem to know my stops ; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery ; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass : and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sdeath, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe ? Call me what instrument you will, though you may fret me, you cannot play upon me. [Crosses, R.]

Enter POLONIUS, R.

Pol. (R. C.) My lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. [*Leaning on the shoulder of Polonius.*] Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel ?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale ?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by-and-bye.— They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by-and-bye.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. (R.) By-and-bye is easily said. [*Exit Polonius, R.*] Leave me, friends. [*Excunt Rosencrantz & Guild., R.*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night ;
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on. Soft—now to my mother.

Oh ! heart, lose not thy nature ; let not ever

The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom :

Let me be cruel—not unnatural :

I will speak daggers to her, but use none. [*Exit, R.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the KING, ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, L.

King. (c.) I like him not ; nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you :
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you :
Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage ;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, L.

Enter POLONIUS, R.

Pol. (R.) My lord, he's going to his mother's closet ;
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process ; I'll warrant she'll tax him home ;
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience, than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege ;
I'll call upon you e'er you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

[Exeunt King, R. Polonius, L.

SCENE III.—*The Queen's Closet.*

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS, L.

Pol. (L.) He will come straight. Lock, you lay home
to him :

Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with ;
And that your grace hath screened and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll sounce me even here.
Pray you be round with him.

Queen. (c.) I'll warrant you—
Fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[Polonius conceals himself behind the arras, L. S. E.

Enter HAMLET, R. D.

Ham. (R.) Now, mother, what's the matter ?

Queen. (L.) Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. (R. c.) Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue

Queen. (c.) Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so;

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—'would it were not so!—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not
budge;

You go not, till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!

Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help!

Ham. How now, a rat?

Dead, for a ducat, dead! [*Draws*

Pol. [*Behind.*] Oh! Oh! Oh! [*Falls and dies*

Queen. (R. c.) Oh, me! what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not—

Is it the king?

Queen. Oh, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king?

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.

[*Takes a candle, lifts up the arras, and sees Polonius.*
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

I took thee for thy better.

[*To the Queen.*

Leave wringing of your hands—peace—sit you down,

And let me wring your heart; [*Gets chairs.*] for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damnéd custom have not brazed it so,

That it be proof and bulwark against sense. [*Both sit, c.*

Queen. (R. of Hamlet.) What have I done that thou dar'st
wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,

That blurs the blush and grace of modesty;

Calls virtue, hypocrite: takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
 And sets a blister there ; makes marriage vows
 As false as dicers' oaths. Oh ! such a deed,
 As 'from the body of contraction plucks
 The very soul ; and sweet religion makes
 A rhapsody of words—
 Ah, me ! that act !

Queen. Ah, me ! what act ?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this ;
 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
 See, what a grace was seated on this brow—
 Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself :
 An eye like Mars, to threaten and command
 A station like the herald Mercury,
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
 A combination, and a form, indeed,
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man :—
 This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows ;
 Here is your husband, like a mildewed ear,
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes ?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this moor ? Ha ! have you eyes ?
 You cannot call it love : for, at your age,
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment—and what judgment
 Would step from this to this ?
 Oh, shame ! where is thy blush ? **Rebellious hell,**
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire.

Queen. Oh, Hamlet, speak no more ;
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;
 And there I see such black and grainéd spots,
 As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
 in the rank sweat of an enseaméd bed—

Queen. No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain ;
 A slave that is not twentieth part the tythe
 Of your precedent lord—a vice of kings ;
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule ;

That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket—

Enter GHOST, R.

A king of shreds and patches — [*They rise.*]

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! what would your gracious figure!

[*Looks at the Ghost—the Queen looks a contrary way.*]

Queen. Alas! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
Oh, say!

Ghost. (R.) Do not forget—this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:
Oh, step between her and her fighting soul.
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas! how is't with you?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Oh, gentle son,

Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he
glares!

His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. [*To Ghost.*] Do not look up-
on me;

Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there? [*Pointing, R.*]

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves. [*Ghost crosses, R.*]

Ham. Why, look you there! look how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he lived!

Look where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit Ghost, L.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain.
This bodiless creation, ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past;—avoid what is to come.

Queen. Oh, Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain

Ham. (c.) Oh! throw away the worsèr part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.

Good night; but go not to my uncle's bed;

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.

Once more, good night!

And when you are desirous to be blessed,

I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,

I do repent:

I will bestow him, and will answer well

The death I gave him. So, again, good night!—

[*Exit Queen, R.*]

I must be cruel, only to be kind:

Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

[*Exit, L.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter KING and QUEEN, L.

King. (L. c.) There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves,

You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them;

How does Hamlet?

Queen. (c.) Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend

Which is the mightier—In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, "A rat! A rat!"
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. Oh, heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there.
Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath killed.

King. The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed,
We must, with all our modesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, L.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid;
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragged him,
Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, L.*

Come, (r.) Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. [*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter HAMLET, L.

Ham. (l. c.)—Safely stowed—

Ros. [*Within, R.*] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

Ham. What noise? who calls on Hamlet? Oh, here
they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, R.

Ros. (r.) What have you done, my lord, with the dead
body?

Ham. (c.) Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,
and bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it

Ros. Believe what ?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge !—what replication should be made by the son of a king ?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord ?

Ham. Ay, sir ; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end ; he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw ; first mouthed, to be last swallowed :—when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it:—a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. (R.) Bring me to him. [*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter the KING, L., attended.

King. (L. c.) How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose !

Yet must not we put the strong law on him ;
He's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes ;
And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weighed,
But never the offence.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ, R.

How now ? what hath befallen ?

Ros. (R.) Where the dead body is bestowed, my lord, We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he ?

Ros. Without, my lord, guarded, to know your pleasure

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern ! bring in my lord.

Enter GUILDENSTERN and HAMLET, R.

King. (c.) Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius ?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper ? where ?

Ham. (R. c.) Not where he eats, but where he is eaten
a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him.

King. Where is Polonius ?

Ham. In heaven ; send thither to see ; if your messenger find him not there, seek him in the other place yourself.—But, indeed, if you find him not within this month you shall nose him as you go up stairs into the lobby.

King. Go, seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till you come. [*Exit Guildenstern, R.*

King. (L. c.) Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,

Must send thee hence ;

Therefore prepare thyself :—

The bark is ready, and the wind at help,

For England.

Ham. For England !

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knewest our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But, come ; for England !—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother :—Father and mother is man and wife ; man and wife is one flesh ; and so, my mother. Come, for England. [*Exit, R.*

King. Follow him at foot, tempt him with speed aboard ; Away ; for everything is sealed and done—

[*Exit Rosencrantz, R.*

And England, (L.) if my love thou hold'st at aught,

Let it be testified in Hamlet's death.

[*Exit, L.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the Palace*

Enter the QUEEN and HORATIO, L.

Queen. (L. c.) I will not speak with her.

Hor. (R.) She is importunate : indeed, distract : 'Twe're good she were spoken with ; for she may strew Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [*Exit Horatio, L.*

Oph. [*Without, L.*] Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark ?

Queen. (R.) How now, Ophelia ?

Re-ent & HORATIO, with OPHELIA, L.—*Horatio stands, L. C., and a few paces back.*

Oph. (c.) [*Sings.*] How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas! sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

[*Sings.*] He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head, a grass-green turf,
At his heels, a stone.

Enter the KING, L., and stands, L. C.

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

[*Sings.*] White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers. [*Crosses to the King.*]

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, heaven 'ield you! They say, the owl was
a baker's daughter. We know what we are, but know not
what we may be.

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let's have no words of this; but when they
ask you what it means, say this—

[*Sings.*] Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

[*Sings.*] Then up he rose, and donned his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid,
Never departed more. [*Crosses, R.*]

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. (r.) I hope all will be well. We must be patient;
but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay
him i' the cold ground: my brother shall know of it, and

so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach,
 Good night, ladies! good night, sweet ladies; good night,
 good night. [Exit, R.]

King. (R. c.) Follow her close: give her good watch, I
 pray you. [Exit Horatio, R.]

Oh! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
 All from her father's death. [Noise of arms without, L.]

Enter MARCELLUS, L.

What's the matter?

Mar. Save yourself, my lord!

The young Laertes, in a riotous head,
 O'erbears your officers; the rabble call him, lord;
 They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"
 Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
 "Laertes shall be king! Laertes king!"

[Noise without, L.]

Laer. [Without, L.] Where is this king?—Sirs, stand
 you all without.

Enter LAERTES, L.

Oh, thou vile king!—

Give me my father.

[Exit MARCELLUS, L.]

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. (L.) That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims me
 bastard;

Cries cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
 Even here, between the chaste, unsmirched brow
 Of my true mother.

King. (R.) What is the cause, Laertes,
 That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
 Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
 There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
 That treason can but peep to what it would.
 Let him go, Gertrude.

Laer. Where's my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. (c.) But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. (L. c.) How came he dead? I'll not be juggled
 with:

To hell, allegiance!

To this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's :
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. (r. c.) Good Laertes,
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.

Hor. [Without, r.] Oh, poor Ophelia!

King. Let her come in.

*Enter OPHELIA, R., fantastically bedecked with long wheat
Straws and Flowers.*

Laer. (l. c.) Oh, rose of May—
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
Oh, heavens! is it possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

Oph. [Sings.] They bore him bare-faced on the bier;
And in his grave rained many a tear;—
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. (c.) Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade re-
venge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. (c.) You must sing : [Sings.]
Down a-down, an' you call him a-down-a.
Oh, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward,
that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. [To Laertes.] There's rosemary, that's for remem-
brance; pray you, love, remember; and there is pansies,
that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remem-
brance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines [To the
King, r. c.] There's rue for you, [To the *Queen, r.*] and
here's some for me:—we may call it herb of grace o'Sun-
days—you may wear your rue with a difference.—There's

a daisy. I would give you some violets, but they withered
all when my father died.—They say he made a good end
—[Sings]—“For my bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.”

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. [Sings.—Kneeling, R. c.]

And will he not come again?

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead,

Go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again.

[Rises.]—His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:

(c.)—He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan;

And peace be with his soul!

And with all christian souls! I pray heaven.

[Exeunt Ophelia and Queen, L

King. (R.) Laertes, I must commune with your grief
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct, or by collateral hand
They find us touched, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labor with your soul,
To give it due content.

Laer. (R. c.) Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,—
No trophy, sword or hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble right, nor formal ostentation—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere, from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;
And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.

[Exeunt, R

SCENE V.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter HORATIO and FRANCISCO, R.

Hor (R.) What are they that would speak with me

Fran. (R.) Sailors, sir :

They say they have letters for you.

Hor. (R. c.) Let them come in,— [*Exit Francisco, L.*
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter two SAILORS, L.

1st Sail. (L.) Heaven bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

1st Sail. He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir—it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England—if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [*Reads the letter.*] “ Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the King ; they have letters for him. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England ; of them I have much to tell thee.—A pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple, I boarded them : on the instant, they got clear of our ship ; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy ; but they knew what they did ; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have sent ; and repair thou to me, with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Farewell.

“ He that thou knowest thine,

“ HAMLET.”

Come, I will give you way for these your letters. (L.)

And do't the speedier, that you may direct me

To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE VI.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the KING and LAERTES, R.

King. (c.) Now must your conscience my acquittance
seal :

Since you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursued my life.

Laer. (R. c.) And so have I a noble father lost ;

A sister driven into desperate terms ;
Whose worth,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections : but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that : you must not think,

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more.—
How now ? What news ?

Enter BERNARDO, L.

Ber. (L. c.) Letters, my lord, from Hamlet :
This to your majesty ; this to the Queen.

King. From Hamlet ! Who brought them ?

Ber. Sailors, my lord, they say ; I saw them not.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.

Leave us. [*To Bernardo, who crosses and exits, R.*
[*Reads.*] “ High and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes : when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return. ”

“ HAMLET.”

What should this mean ? Are all the rest come back ?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing ?

Laer. (R.) Know you the hand ?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character.—“ Naked”—

And, in a postscript here, he says, “ alone.”

Can you advise me ?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come ;

It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
“ Thus diddest thou.”

King. If it be so, Laertes,
Will you be ruled by me ?

Laer. Ay, my lord ;

So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now returned—
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall :

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it, accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be ruled;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.

You have been talked of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very ribband in the cap of youth.

Here was a gentleman of Normandy—
He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you:

This report of his,
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er to play with you.

Now, out of this—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?

Or, are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake
To show yourself in deed your father's son,
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize.
Hamlet, returned, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together
And wager o'er your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so, that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose

A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't :

And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratched withal : I'll touch my point
With this contagion ; that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.)

King. Let's further think of this ;
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings.
When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferred him
A chalice for the nonce ; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise ?

Enter the QUEEN, L.

Queen. (L.) One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow :—your sister's drowned, Laertes.

Laer. (R.) Drowned ! Oh, where ?

Queen. (C.) There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream :
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples ;
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke ;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook.

Laer. I forbid my tears :—but yet
It is our trick ; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will :—
Adieu, my lord !
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it.

[*Exeunt Laertes, R., King and Queen, L.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V

SCENE I.—*A Church-Yard.*

Enter two GRAVE-DIGGERS, L. S. E.

1st Grave. (c.) Is she to be buried in christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2d Grave. (c.) I tell thee, she is; therefore, make her grave straight; the crowner hath set on her, and finds it christian burial.

1st Grave. (r.) How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2d Grave. Why, 'tis found so.

1st Grave. It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. (r. c.) For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform. Argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2d Grave. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1st Grave. Give me leave. [*Crosses, L.*] Here lies the water; good: [*Crosses, R.*] here stands the man; good. If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes: mark you that: but, if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself. Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2d Grave. But is this law?

1st Grave. Ay, marry is't, crowner's-quest law.

2d Grave. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of christian burial.

1st Grave. Why, there thou say'st; and the more pity, that great folks should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. (c.) Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2d Grave. Was he a gentleman?

1st Grave. He was the first that ever bore arms. I'll put a question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2d Grave. Go to.

1st Grave. What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, shipwright, or the carpenter?

2d Grave. The gallows maker; for that frame out-lives a thousand tenants.

1st Grave. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well. But how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church. Argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again: come.

2d Grave. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1st Grave. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2d Grave. Marry, now I can tell.

1st Grave. To't.

2d Grave. Mass, I cannot tell.

1st Grave. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[*Exit 2d Grave-digger, L.—1st Grave-digger sings while digging.*]

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, oh, the time, for, ah, my behove,
Oh, methought there was nothing meet!

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, and stand behind the Grave, c.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.

Hor. (R. c.) Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. (R. c.) 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

[*Grave-digger sings.*]

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*]

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. How the knave jowls it to the ground as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent heaven; might it not?

[*The Grave-digger throws up bones.*]

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? Mine ache to think on't.

[*Grave-digger sings.*]

A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,
For—and a shrouding sheet:
Oh, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*]

Ham. There's another. Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1st Grave. Mine, sir.

Sing] Oh, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in it.

1st Grave. [*Digging.*] You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine; 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1st Grave. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1st Grave. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

1st Grave. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

1st Grave. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul! she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! We must speak by

the card, or equivocation will undo us. How long hast thou been a grave-maker!

1st Grave. [*Leans on his spade.*] Of all the days i'the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

1st Grave. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that; it was that very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1st Grave. Why, because he was mad. He shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1st Grave. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1st Grave. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1st Grave. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1st Grave. Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'the earth ere he rot?

1st Grave. [*Sitting on the side of the grave, his face towards the audience.*] 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1st Grave. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. [*Stands in the grave again, and turns over the earth and bones thrown up.*] Here's a skull, now, hath lain you i'the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1st Grave. A whoreson mad fellow's it was. Whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1st Grave. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! [*Pats the skull with his hand.*] He poured a flaggon of Rhenish

on my head once! This same skull, s.r., was Yorick's skull, the king's jester. [*Gives skull up to Hamlet, R.*

Ham. This?

1st Grave. E'en that.

Ham. Alas! poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come: make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think that Alexander looked o'this fashion i'the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah! [*Lays down the skull*

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, 'faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus, Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returned to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
Oh, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall, t'expel the winter's flaw! [*Bell tolls*
But soft! but soft! aside:—here comes the king,
The queen, the courtiers. Who is this they follow?
And with such maiméd rites! This doth betoken,
The corse they follow did, with desperate hand,
Foredo its own life. 'Twas of some estate:
Couch we awhile, and mark.

[*Retires with Horatio, R.—Bell tolls*

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, Ladies, Priests, &c. through the gates, attending the corpse of OPHELIA, L. U. ♀ —(Bell tolls.)—Attendants, with torches, stand up the L side of stage. King and Queen stand c. beyond the grave Priest at R. end. 1st Grave-digger, at the L. end.

Laer. (L.) What ceremony else ?

Ham. (R.) That is Laertes,

A very noble youth.

[*Aside to Horatio*

Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warranty. Her death was doubtful ;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet ; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her ;
Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done ?

Priest. No more be done ?

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a requiem, and such rest to her,
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i'the earth ;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring !—I tell thee, churlish Priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia !

Queen. Sweets to the sweet : farewell !

[*Takes a basket from a Lady, and scatters flowers*

I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife :
I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,
And not have strewed thy grave.

Laer. Oh, treble woe,
Fall ten times treble on that curséd head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of !—Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms :

[*Leaps into the grave*

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,

To the top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing.*] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? Whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. (r. c.) The devil take thy soul!

[*Leaping out of the grave, and grappling with him.*]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand!

King. Pluck them asunder. [*They are parted*]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. Oh, my son! what theme?

Ham. I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

Queen. Oh, he is mad, Laertes.

Ham. Come, show me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't ~~love~~
thyself?

I'll do it. Dost thou come here but to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. (L.) This is mere madness;
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I loved you ever: but it is no matter:
Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. *[Exit, R King.]* I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.

[Exit Horatio, R]
Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
[To Laertes]

We'll put the matter to the present push.

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Ladies, L. U. E.]

This grave shall have a living monument:

An hour of quiet thereby shall we see;

Till then, in patience, our proceeding be. *[Bell tolls]*

[Exeunt Bearers and Attendants through the gates, L. U. E.]

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Palace

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, R.

Ham. But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his.

Hor. Peace. Who comes here?

Enter OSRICK, L.

Osr. (L.) Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. (R. C.) I humbly thank you, sir. Dost know this water-fly?
[Aside to Horatio.]

Hor. (R. C.) No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious: for 'tis a vice to know him.

Osrick. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure I should impart a thing to you, from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit.—Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osrick. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold, the wind is northerly.

Osrick. It is indifferent cold; my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot; or my complexion—

Osrick. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry—as were—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his majesty bade me

signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head; sir, this is the matter—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[*Signs to him to put on his hat.*]

Osrick. (c.) Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith—Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing; indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry; for you shall find in him, the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osrick. Of Laertes?

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osrick. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osrick. I mean, sir, for his weapon.

Ham. What is his weapon?

Osrick. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons:—But, well—

Osrick. The king, sir, hath wagered with him, six Barbary horses: against the which he hath impawned, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Osrick. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides.

Osrick. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer, no?

Osrick. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought; the gentleman willing, and the King

hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can : if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osrick. Shall I deliver you so ?

Ham. To this effect, sir ; after what flourish your nature will.

Osrick. I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit, L.*

Hor. (L.) You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. (c.) I do not think so ; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice ; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think, how ill all's here about my heart : but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord—

Ham. It is but foolery : but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike anything, obey it : I will fore stall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury ; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. [*Excunt, L.*

SCENE III.—*The Court of Denmark.*

KING and QUEEN, seated ; LAERTES, OSRICK, MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, FRANCISCO, Lords, and Ladies discovered.—*Flourish of Trumpets.*

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, L.

King. [*Rises and comes forward, c.*] Come, Hamlet, and take this hand from me.

[*Joining Hamlet's and Laertes' hand*

Ham. (c.) Give me your pardon, sir ; I've done you wrong. [*To Laertes.*

But pardon it, as you're a gentleman.

Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil,

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

Laer. (c.) I am satisfied in nature,

Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most

To my revenge :—

I do receive your offered love like love,

And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely ;

And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance,
Your skill shall, like a star i'the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osrick. Cousin Ham
let,

You know the wager? [Returns to the throne]

Ham. Very well, my lord;

Your grace hath laid the odds o'the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both;—
But since he's bettered, we have therefore odds.

Laer. (R.) [Examining the foils.] This is too heavy; let
me see another.

Ham. (L.) This likes me well—these foils have all a
length?

Osrick. (R.) Ay, my good lord.

King. [Seated on the throne.] Set me the stoups of wine
upon that table;

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn.—Give me the cups;

[To Francisco.

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak—
The trumpet to the cannoneer without—
The cannons to the heavens—the heaven to earth—
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.

[Drinks.

[Drums and Trumpets sound—Cannons within.

Come, begin;

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord

[They play

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osrick. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well—again—

King. Stay, give me drink.—Hamlet, this pearl is thine ;
Here's to thy health. [*Pretends to drink.*

[*Drums and Trumpets sound—Cannons shot off within.*
Give him the cup.

Ham. I'll play this bout first ; set it by awhile.
Come—[*They play,*—]—another hit !—What say you ?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

[*The Queen drinks, and returns the cup to Francisco.*

Ham. Good madam—

King. [*Aside to the Queen.*] Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I have, my lord. I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poisoned cup—it is too late.

[*Turning aside from the Queen.*

Laer. I'll hit him now ;

And yet it is almost against my conscience. [*Aside.*

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes.—You do but dally.

I pray you, pass with your best violence ;

I am afraid you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so :—Come on. [*They play.—Laertes wounds Hamlet ; and, while struggling, they exchange rapiers.*

King. Part them : they are incensed.

[*The Queen swoons.*

Ham. Nay, come again.

[*Hamlet wounds Laertes, who falls.*

Osrick. Look to the Queen there, ho !

Hor. How is't, my lord ?

Osrick. How is't, Laertes ?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe, Osrick :
I am justly killed with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the Queen ?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink.—Oh, my dear
Hamlet !—

The drink, the drink.—I am poisoned.

[*She is led off, L. U. E.*

Ham. Oh, villainy !—Ho ! let the door be locked—
Treachery ! seek it out.

Laer. It is here, Hamlet.—Hamlet, thou art slain
 No medicine in the world can do thee good ;
 In thee there is not half an hour's life ;
 The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
 Unbated, and envenomed ; the foul practice
 Hath turned itself on me ; lo, here I lie,
 Never to rise again ; thy mother's poisoned ;—
 I can no more : the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. (c.) The point
 Envenomed too ! Then, venom, to thy work !
[Stabs the King on the throne
 Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
 Follow my mother. [King dies

Laer. He is justly served.
 Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet :
 Mine and my father's death come not upon thee :
 Nor thine on me ! [Dies

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it ! I follow thee.
 You that look pale and tremble at this chance
 That are but mutes or audience to this act,
 Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,
 Is strict in his arrest,) Oh, I could tell you—
 But let it be.—Horatio,
 Report me and my cause aright
 To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never, believe it ;
 I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.
 Here's yet some liquor left. [Takes the cup

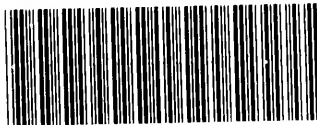
Ham. As thou'rt a man— [Throws away the cup
 Give me the cup—let go—by heaven, I'll have it.
 Oh, good Horatio, what a wounded name,
 Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me !
 If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
 Absent thee from felicity awhile,
 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
 To tell my story.—
 Oh ! I die, Horatio !
 The potent poison quite o'erthrows my spirit—
 The rest is silence. [Dies



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